

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Then, again, silence settled on the town, to remain for five minutes unbroken. The sun glared mercilessly on clay streets, now as empty as a cemetery. A single horse incautiously hitched at the side of the courthouse switched its tail against the assaults of the flies. Otherwise, there was no outward sign of life. Then, Callomb's newly organized force of ragamuffin soldiers clattered down the street at double time. For a moment or two after they came into sight only the massed uniforms caught the eyes of the intrenched Hollmans, and an alarmed murmur broke from the courthouse. They had seen no troops, no train, or pitch camp. These men had sprung from the earth as startlingly as Jason's crop of dragon's teeth. But when the command rounded the shoulder of a protecting wall to await further orders, the ragged stride of their marching and the all-too-obvious bearing of the mountaineers proclaimed them native amateurs. The murmur turned to a howl of derision and challenge. They were nothing more nor less than Souths, masquerading in the uniforms of soldiers.

"What orders?" inquired Callomb bravely, joining Samson's store.

"Demand surrender once more—then take the courthouse and jail," was the short reply.

Callomb himself went forward with the flag of truce. He shouted his message and a bearded man came to the courthouse door.

"Tell 'em," he said without redundancy, "that we're all here. Come an' git us."

The officer went back and distributed his forces under such cover as offered itself about the four walls. Then a volley was fired over the roof and instantly the two buildings in the public square awoke to a volcanic response of rifle fire.

All day the duel between the streets and county buildings went on with desultory intervals of quiet and wild outbursts of musketry. The troops were firing as sharpshooters, and the courthouse, too, had its sharpshooters. When a head showed itself at a barricaded window a report from the outside greeted it. Samson was everywhere, his rifle smoking and hot-barreled. His life seemed protected by a talisman. Yet most of the firing, after the first hour, was from within. The troops were, except for occasional pot shots, holding their fire. There was neither food nor water inside the build-



"We Lays Down."

ing, and at last night closed and the cordon grew tighter to prevent escape. The Hollmans, like rats in a trap, grimly held on, realizing that it was to be a siege. On the following morning a detachment of "F" company arrived, dragging two galling guns. The Hollmans saw them detouring, from their lookout in the courthouse cupola, and, realizing that the end had come, resolved upon a desperate sortie. Simultaneously every door and lower window of the courthouse burst open to discharge a frenzied rush of men, fighting as they came. They meant to bring their way out and leave as many hostile dead as possible in their wake. Their one chance now was to scatter before the machine guns came into action. They came like a flood of human lava and their guns were never silent, as they bore down on the barricades, where the single outnumbered

WORKING IN OCEAN'S DEPTHS

Most Remarkable Divers Are the Pearl Fishers of Torres, Who Work With Simple Equipment.

The greatest depth recorded of work done by a diver in a suit is 182 feet; this depth was reached by the Spanish diver, Angel Frostarbe, who recovered \$45,000 in silver ingots from the wreck of the steamship Skyro off Cape Finisterre. The sponge divers of the Mediterranean work at a maximum of 150 feet, and the Australian pearlers at 120 feet. The greatest depths reached by divers without apparatus were by the pearl fishers of Torres, mostly Malaysians from the smaller islands. They go down with the aid of a stone and a loop in the rope thereto attached which they clutch with their toes, these organs being far more prehensile than in races normally shod. They seldom venture to descend below 50 feet, a depth at which they can remain for two minutes. The stone enables them to remain at the bottom while they are sweeping the pearl oysters into

company seemed insufficient to hold them. But the new militiamen, looking for reassurance not so much to Callomb as to the granite-like face of Samson South, rallied and rose with a yell to meet them on bayonet and smoking muzzles. The rush wavered, fell back, desperately rallied, then broke in scattered remnants for the shelter of the building.

Old Jake Hollman fell near the door, and his grandson, rushing out, picked up his fallen rifle and sent farewell defiance from it as he, too, threw up both arms and dropped.

Then a white flag waved at a window and, as the newly arrived troops halted in the street, the noise died suddenly to quiet. Samson went out to meet a man who opened the door and said shortly:

"We lays down."

Judge Hollman, who had not participated, turned from the slit in his shuttered window, through which he had since the beginning been watching the conflict.

"That ends it!" he said, with a despairing shrug of his shoulders. He picked up a magazine pistol which lay on his table and, carefully counting down his chest to the fifth rib, pointed the muzzle against his breast.

CHAPTER XVII.

Before the mountain roads were mired with the coming of the rains, and while the air held its sparkle of autumnal zestfulness, Samson South wrote to Willford Horton that if he still meant to come to the hills for his inspection of coal and timber the time was ripe. Soon men would appear bearing transit and chain, drawing a line which a railroad was to follow to Misery and across it to the heart of untouched forests and coal-fields. With that wave of innovation would come the speculators. Besides, Samson's fingers were itching to be out in the hills with a palette and sheaf of brushes in the society of George Lescott.

For a while after the battle at Hixon the county had lain in a torpid paralysis of dread. Many literate feudists on each side remembered the directing and exposed figure of Samson South seen through eddies of gun smoke, and believed him immune from death. With Perry Dead and Hollman the victim of his own hand, the backbone of the murder syndicate was broken. Its heart had ceased to beat. Those Hollman survivors who bore the potentialities for leadership had not only signed pledges of peace, but were afraid to break them; and the triumphant Souths, instead of vaunting their victory, had subscribed to the doctrine of order and declared the war over. Souths who broke the law were as speedily arrested as Hollmans. Their boys were drilling as militiamen and—wonder of wonders!—inviting the sons of the enemy to join them. Of course, these things changed gradually, but the beginnings of them were most noticeable in the first few months, just as a newly painted and renovated house is more conspicuous than one that has long been respectable.

Hollman's Mammoth Department Store passed into new hands, and trafficked only in merchandise, and the town was open to the men and women of Misery as well as those of Cripple-shin.

These things Samson had explained in his letters to the Lescotts and Horton. Men from down below could still find trouble in the wink of an eye, by seeking it, for under all transformation the nature of the individual remained much the same; but, without seeking to give offense, they could ride as securely through the hills as through the streets of a policed city—and meet a readier hospitality.

And, when these things were discussed and the two men prepared to cross the Mason-and-Dixon line and visit the Cumberlands, Adrienne promptly and definitely announced that she would accompany her brother. No argument was effective to dissuade her, and after all, Lescott, who had been there, saw no good reason why she should not go with him.

At Hixon, they found that receptive air of serenity which made the history of the last three months ago seem paradoxical and fantastically unreal. Only about the courthouse square where numerous small holes in frame walls told of fusillades, and in the interior of the building itself where the woodwork was scarred and torn, and the plaster freshly patched, did they find grimly reminiscent evidence.

Samson had not met them at the town, because he wished their first impressions of his people to reach them unobscured by his escort. It was a form of the mountain pride—an honest resolve to soften nothing, and make no apologies. But they found arrangements made for horses and saddlebags, and the girl discovered that for her had been provided a mount as evenly gaited as any in her own stables.

When she and her two companions came out to the hotel porch to start, they found a guide waiting, who said he was instructed to take them as far as the ridge, where the sheriff himself would be waiting, and the cavalcade a basket attached to the stone. When the diver feels that he must come up to breathe he releases his toes from the bucket in the rope and at once floats to the surface. Young and healthy Malayan divers working oyster beds below six fathoms make four descents an hour during four hours in the morning and the same during four hours in the afternoon following a four-hour rest. A civilized man at a depth of 42 feet finds such a dive intolerable after a single minute.

Practical Trade School Idea. London has elaborated the trade school idea to include the work of outfitting women with an equipment to face life's struggle. In the six trade schools of London, four of which are under the direct control of the London county council, and two of which are connected with the polytechnic institutions, aided by grants from the London county council, various trades of the traditional feminist classes, such as dressmaking, ladies' tailoring, corset making, millinery, embroidery, waistcoat making, cooking, laundry work and apothecary, are being taught.

In addition to competent teachers these schools have enlisted in their interest advisory committees of employees of the classes of workwomen being developed by the schools, one result of which is that employment at profitable wages awaits the capable students of these schools. The vocational school idea is spreading and extending through the civilized world, with the result that it brightens the prospects of youth and heartens young people with the knowledge that they will enter upon their career with some technical acquaintance with and some manual dexterity in those lines of work in which the world stands constantly in need of workers.

Sense of Fitness.

Some women seem to have no idea of the relative value of adjectives or epithets. A golden-haired, fluffy thing was locking at a picture of the wounded English soldiers in a hospital ward. "Don't they look 'dinky' in their coats?" she exclaimed. "Dinky!"—they might have been prize ponies instead of men who had died for their country.

struck into the hills. Men at whose houses they paused to ask a dipper of water, or to make an inquiry, gravely advised that they "had better light and stay all night." In the coloring forests, squirrels scampered and scurried out of sight, and here and there on the tall slopes they saw shy-looking children regarding them with inquisitive eyes.

The guide led them silently, gazing in frank amazement, though with deferential politeness, at this girl in corduroys, who rode cross-saddle, and rode so well. Yet, it was evident that he would have preferred talking had not diffidence restrained him. He was a young man and rather handsome in a shaggy, unkempt way. Across one cheek ran a long scar still red, and the girl, looking into his clear, intelligent eyes, wondered what that scar stood for. Adrienne had the power of melting masculine diffidence, and her smile as she rode at his side, and asked, "What is your name?" brought an answering smile to his grim lips.

"Joe Hollman, ma'am," he answered; and the girl gave an involuntary start. The two men who caught the name closed up the gap between the horses, with suddenly piqued interest.

"Hollman!" exclaimed the girl. "Then, you—" She stopped and flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said, quickly.

"That's all right," reassured the man. "I know what ye're a-thinkin', but I hain't takin' no offense. The high sheriff sent me over. I'm one of his deputies."

"Were you?"—she paused, and added rather timidly—"were you in the courthouse?"

He nodded, and with a brown forefinger traced the scar on his cheek.

"Samson South done that thar with his rifle-gun," he enlightened. "He's a funny sort of feller, is Samson South."

"How?" she asked.

"Wall, he licked us, an' licked us so plumb darn hard we was skeered ter fight ag'in, an' then, 'stid of tramping' on us, he turned right 'round, an' made me a deputy. My brother's a corporal in this hyar new-fangled militia. I reckon this time the peace is goin' ter last. His's a mighty funny way ter act, but 'pears like it works all right."

Then, at the ridge, the girl's heart gave a sudden bound, for there at the highest point, where the road went up and dipped again, waited the mounted figure of Samson South, and, as she came into sight, he waved his felt hat and rode down to meet them.

"Greetings!" he shouted. Then, as he leaned over and took Adrienne's hand, he added: "The Cops send you their welcome." His smile was unchanged, but the girl noted that his hair had again grown long.

Finally, as the sun was setting, they reached a roadside cabin, and the mountaineer said briefly to the other men:

"You fellows ride on. I want Drennie to stop with me a moment. We'll join you later."

Lescott nodded. He remembered the cabin of the Widow Miller, and Horton rode with him, albeit grudgingly. Adrienne sprang lightly to the ground, laughingly rejecting Samson's assistance, and came with him to the top of a stile, from which he pointed to the log cabin, set back in its small yard, wherein geese and chickens picked industriously about in the sandy earth.

A huge poplar and a great oak nodded to each other at either side of the door, and over the walls a clamorous profusion of honeysuckle vine contended with a mass of wild grape, in joint effort to hide the white chinking between the dark logs. From the crude milk-benches to the sweep of the well, every note was one of neatness and rustic charm. Slowly, he said, looking straight into her eyes:

"This is Sally's cabin, Drennie."

He watched her expression, and her lips curved up in the same sweetness of smile that had first captivated and helped to mold him.

"It's lovely!" she cried, with frank delight. "It's a picture."

"Wait!" he commanded. Then, turning toward the house, he sent out the long, peculiarly mournful call of the whippoorwill, and, at the signal, the door opened, and on the threshold Adrienne saw a slender figure. She had called the cabin with its shaded doorway a picture, but now she knew she had been wrong. It was only a background. It was the girl herself who made and completed the picture. She stood there in the wild simplicity that artists seek vainly to reproduce in posed figures. Her red calico dress was patched, but fell in graceful lines to her slim bare ankles, though the first faint frosts had already fallen.

Her red-brown hair hung loose and in masses about the oval of a face in which the half-parted lips were dashes of scarlet, and the eyes large violet pools. She stood with her little chin tilted in a half-wild attitude of recognition, as a fawn might have stood. One brown arm and hand rested on the door frame, and, as she saw the other woman, she colored adorably.

Adrienne thought she had never seen so instinctively and unaffectedly lovely a face or figure. Then the girl

came down the steps and ran toward them.

"Drennie," said the man, "this is Sally. I want you two to love each other." For an instant, Adrienne Lescott stood looking at the mountain girl, and then she opened both her arms.

"Sally," she cried, "you adorable child, I do love you!"

The girl in the calico dress raised her face, and her eyes were glistening. "I'm obliged ter ye," she faltered. Then, with open and wondering admiration she stood gazing at the first "fine lady" upon whom her glance had ever fallen.

Samson went over and took Sally's hand.

"Drennie," he said, softly, "is there anything the matter with her?"

Adrienne Lescott shook her head.

"I understand," she said.

"I want the others on," he went on quietly, "because I wanted that first we three should meet alone. George and Willfred are going to stop at my uncle's house, but, unless you'd rather have it otherwise, Sally wants you here."

"Do I stop now?" the girl asked.

"But the man shook his head.

"I want you to meet my other people first."

As they rode at a walk along the little shred of road left to them, the man turned gravely.

"Drennie," he began, "she waited for me all those years. What I was helped to do by such splendid friends as you and your brother and Willfred, she was back here trying to do for herself. I



"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

told you back there the night before I left that I was afraid to let myself question my feelings toward you. Do you remember?"

She met his eyes, and her own eyes were frankly smiling.

"You were very complimentary, Samson," she told him. "I warned you then that it was the moon talking."

"No," he said firmly, "it was not the moon. I have since then met that fear and analyzed it. My feeling for you is the best that a man can have, the honest worship of friendship. And," he added, "I have analyzed your feeling for me, too, and thank God! I have that same friendship for you. Haven't I?"

For a moment, she only nodded; but her eyes were bent on the road ahead and her man waited in tense silence. Then, she raised her face, and it was a face that smiled with the serenity of one who has wakened out of a troubled dream.

"You will always have that, Samson, dear," she assured him.

"Have I enough of it, to ask you to do for her what you did for me? To take her and teach her the things she has the right to know?"

"I'd love it," she cried. And then she smiled, as she added: "She will be so much easier to teach. She won't be so stupid, and one of the things I shall teach her"—she paused, and added whimsically—"will be to make you cut your hair again."

But, just before they drew up at the house of old Spicer South, she said:

"I might as well make a clean breast of it, Samson, and give my vanity the punishment it deserves. You had me in deep doubt."

"About what?"

"About—well, about us. I wasn't quite sure that I wanted Sally to have you—that I didn't need you myself. I've been a shameful little cat to Willfred."

"But now—" The Kentuckian broke off.

"Now, I know that my friendship for you and my love for him have both had their acid test—and I am happier than I've ever been before. I'm glad we've been through it. There are no doubts ahead. I've got you both."

"About him," said Samson, thoughtfully. "May I tell you something which, although it's a thing in your own heart, you have never quite known?"

She nodded, and he went on.

"Apropos of an elderly Chicago banker, whose wife had threatened to divorce him on account of his affection for a beautiful stenographer of seven years, George Ade said:

"A tragedy, this, of a not uncommon kind, a tragedy due to our modern business methods. The grand old merchant prince of the past used to take his pen in hand. Today, it seems he takes his typewriter on his knee."

TRIED TO "BEAN" THE HAWK

New York City Employee Flings Paper Weight Ineffectively at Daring Pigeon-Eater.

There was a hunt for game yesterday atop the municipal building. The game was variously described as a hawk and an eagle. The hunters were a couple of score of city employees, led by Alderman Carstairs and Jack Kennedy, chief clerk of the water department. The "guide," if such he could be called, was Elevator Dispatcher Peter Kearney, whose office is on the roof of the building, and who has been watching the big bird capture and devour pigeons.

"The bird is two feet high at least, and his wings spread four feet," said Kearney. "He's black, but his breast has streaks of white on it. He has a brown bill, with a black spot right on the end of it."

The hunters trooped out on the roof just after Kearney had informed them the bird had settled on a ledge 15 feet below, with a pigeon in its mouth. There was a long discussion, and final-

"The thing which you call fascination in me was really just a proxy. Drennie. You were liking qualities in me that were really his qualities. Just because you had known him only in gentle guise, his finish blinded you to his courage. Because he could turn to woman the heart of a woman," she failed to see that under it was the "iron and fire." You thought you saw those qualities in me, because I wore my bark as shaggy as that scaling hickory over there. When he was getting anonymous threats of death every morning he didn't mention them to you. He talked of teas and dances. I know his danger was real, because they tried to have me kill him—and if I'd been the man they took me for, I reckon I'd have done it. I was mad for my marrow that night—for a minute. I don't hold a brief for Willfred, but I know that you liked me first for qualities which he has as strongly as I—and more strongly. He's a braver man than I, because, though raised to gentle things, when you ordered him into the fight he was there. He never turned back or flickered. I was raised on raw meat and gunpowder, but he went in without training."

The girl's eyes grew grave and thoughtful, and for the rest of the way she rode in silence.

There were transformations, too, in the house of Spicer South. Windows had been cut, and lamps adopted. It was no longer so crudely a pioneer abode. While they waited for dinner, a girl lightly crossed the stile, and came up to the house. Adrienne met her at the door, while Samson and Horton stood back, waiting. Suddenly, Miss Lescott halted and regarded the newcomer in surprise. It was the same girl she had seen, yet a different girl. Her hair no longer fell in tangled masses. Her feet were no longer bare. Her dress, though simple, was charming, and, when she spoke, her English had dropped its half-dilatory peculiarities, though the voice still held its bird-like melody.

"Oh, Samson," cried Adrienne, "you two have been deceiving me! Sally, you were making up, dressing the part back there, and letting me patronize you."

Sally's laughter broke from her throat in a musical peal, but it still held the note of shyness, and it was Samson who spoke.

"I made the others ride on, and I got Sally to meet you just as she was when I left her to go East." He spoke with a touch of the mountaineer's over-sensitive pride. "I wanted you first to see my people, not as they are going to be, but as they were. I wanted you to know how proud I am of them—just that way."

That evening, the four of them walked together over to the cabin of the Widow Miller. At the stile, Adrienne Lescott turned to the girl and said:

"I suppose this place is pre-empted. I'm going to take Willfred down there by the creek, and leave you two alone."

Sally protested with mountain hospitality, but even under the moon she once more colored adorably.

Adrienne turned up the collar of her sweater around her throat, and, when she and the man who had waited, stood leaning on the rail of the footbridge, she laid a hand on his arm.

"Has the water flowed by my mill, Willfred?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" His voice trembled.

"Will you have anything to ask me when Christmas comes?"

"If I can wait that long, Drennie," he told her.

"Don't wait, dear," she suddenly exclaimed, turning toward him, and raising eyes that held his answer. "Ask me now!"

But the question which he asked was one that his lips smothered as he pressed them against her own.

Back where the poplar threw its sooty shadow on the road, two figures sat close together on the top of a stile, talking happily in whispers. A girl raised her face, and the moon shone on the deepness of her eyes, as her lips curved in a trembling smile.

"You've come back, Samson," she said in a low voice, "but, if I'd known how lovely she was, I'd have given up hoping. I don't see what made you come."

Her voice dropped again into the tender cadence of dialect.

"I couldn't live without ye, Samson. I jest couldn't do it." Would he remember when she had said that before?

"I reckon, Sally," he promptly told her, "I couldn't live without you neither." Then, he added, fervently, "I'm plumb dead shore I couldn't."

THE END.

Modern Method.

Apropos of an elderly Chicago banker, whose wife had threatened to divorce him on account of his affection for a beautiful stenographer of seven years, George Ade said:

"A tragedy, this, of a not uncommon kind, a tragedy due to our modern business methods. The grand old merchant prince of the past used to take his pen in hand. Today, it seems he takes his typewriter on his knee."

Cement From Beets.

It has been discovered in France that an excellent cement is one of the by-products of the manufacture of beet sugar. The scum that forms when the beets are boiled, and which has heretofore been thrown away, consists largely of carbonate of lime and water, and from 70,000 tons of beets treated 4,000 tons of carbonate lime is obtained; to this 1,100 tons of clay is added, the resulting product being 2,165 tons of excellent cement. The scum is pumped into large tanks, where it is allowed to dry partially. Finely divided clay is then mixed with it; the mixture is thoroughly amalgamated by beaters for an hour and burned in a rotary kiln. The clinker is then removed and pulverized into cement.

The Poetry of Woman.

Man is like disconnected and unchorded pipe, without harmony or beauty. That is why poets have always compared women with song, poetry, flower and river, but have never thought of comparing man with any of these. Woman, like most beautiful things in nature, is connected, well-developed and well-restrained.—The Craftsman.

ODD TIBETAN DEVILS

LAMAS DRAW FRIGHTFUL PICTURES OF THE FIENDS.

All Misfortunes, Individual and National, Are Ascribed to Them—May, However, Be Fought and Killed With Swords.

F. N. Nicholas, reporting to the Geographical society on lamasery life in Tibet, says:

Fantastic and absurd as lamalism is, there is, with one exception, nothing in Cho that is immoral or repugnant to western ethics. That one exception is the belief in the "Dre" or devils. Somewhere in the lowest hell, Sangee has chained the chief devil, whose name is Sa-tin-tze or Sa-tin-tze (not very far from Satan). Pictures of this fiend are in every temple. They are made as horrible and revolting as Tibetan ingenuity will permit. Although Sa-tin-tze is a prisoner, he has under his control legions of lesser devils whose business it is to harass humanity.

Lamalist devils do not tempt men as the Christian devil does. Temptation, according to the lamas, is merely the result of a man turning his back on Sangee. The devils of Tibet injure, molest and destroy mankind. All the misfortunes of life are the work of the "Dre sickness." Business, misfortune and calamities, both individual and national, are caused by devils. They are not only "personal," but also rampant and omnipresent. Almost every lama has seen a devil and has had a personal encounter with him. Devils hate lamas because of their piety, and take especial delight in attacking them. Devils are greatly afraid of guns. During the devotional exercises a Tibetan rifle was fired three times every day to scare the devils. They may be fought and killed with swords. More than one lama has told me how he has slain a devil.

My only unpleasant experiences in the lamasery have resulted from the belief in devils.

Sudenye suddenly ran amuck one afternoon. He stripped himself to the waist, drew his sword and shouted that devils were fighting against Cho. The Kempo and I were compelled to sit on Sudenye's chest for nearly an hour before he returned to a normal state. I promptly discharged him and sent him to Ta Chien Lo. The direct cause of the outbreak was his secret smoking of opium in celebrating New Year's day, but his hallucinations and his peculiar manner are traceable, I believe, to the morbid talk of the lamas about devils and incarnations and Ma-ha-ga, and all the rest of it.

My other servant, Yichi, walked in his sleep one night and fell down stairs. On the following evening, when Kempo dropped in for a little chat around the hopen, Yichi turned to him as to a father confessor and told him how a devil had gripped him by the throat and then had buried him downstairs. The Kempo looked worried and said that the Dre were evidently at their old tricks again and were hovering about the lamasery. He advised me to fire my rifle three times. I did so, and this greatly reassured the Kempo and Yichi.

Later Yichi described to me the devil's appearance. It was precisely the same as the horrid picture of the Sa-tin-tze that is posted on the wall of the residence of the Living Buddha. Yichi had looked and shuddered at the picture so often that it had at last developed into a nightmare.

Lamasery life is almost certain to get on the nerves of any man who takes it too seriously. If the average American believed as lamas do and lived their sort of life, he would be a candidate for a lunatic asylum within six months.

Success of Typhoid Inoculation.

Sir Frederick Treves, presiding at the Society of Arts on the occasion of Doctor Sandwith's Chadwick lecture on "War and Disease," was able to bear witness to the remarkable sanitary conditions under which the present war is being waged. Particularly did he endorse the value of inoculation for typhoid, by which means that great danger to armies in the field has been practically eliminated.

Sir Frederick was, in fact, able to state that not a single inoculated man had died of typhoid in the British expeditionary force, and that there had only been 212 cases of typhoid, with 22 deaths. When we remember the extent to which typhoid prevailed in our armies during the Boer war, when the conditions were probably infinitely less provocative of that disease than those which must necessarily prevail in prolonged trench fighting, it will be recognized that Sir Frederick's claim that the existing sanitary arrangements are unprecedented is justified.—London Outlook.

Mr. James B. Alexander, of North Harpswood, Me., writes: "Many strains in my back and hips brought on rheumatism in the sciatic nerve. I had it so bad one night when sitting in my chair, that I had to jump on my feet to get relief. It at once applied your Sloan's Liniment to the affected part and in less than ten minutes it was perfectly easy. I think it is the best of all Liniments I have ever used."

ADVISE TO THE AGED

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys, and torpid liver.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, giving natural action, and imparting vigor to the whole system.

PATENTS

Wanted by an old corporation, applicant young man to call on drug and general stores and appoint agents. Edible goods. Reasonable. Highest references. Best success.

WANTED

By an old corporation, applicant young man to call on drug and general stores and appoint agents. Edible goods. Reasonable. Highest references. Best success.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 12-1911

Roofing that must last

You can't tell by looking at a roll of roofing how long it will last on the roof, but when you get the guarantee of a responsible company, you know that your roofing must give satisfactory service.

Buy materials that last

Certain-teed Roofing

Our leading product—is guaranteed 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply and 15 years for 3-ply. We also make lower priced roofing, slate surfaced shingles, building papers, wall boards, out-door paints, plastic cement, etc. Ask your dealer for products made by us. They are reasonable in price and we stand behind them.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco Seattle London Hamburg Sydney

Rheumacide

The Reliable Remedy for lumbago, gout and RHEUMATISM GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

For sale by all druggists

Adaptability.

"Why don't you knit something for the war sufferers?"

"I am knitting something," replied young Mrs. Torkins.

"What is it?"

"Well, I thought they were going to be mittens, but I forgot to put the thumbs in, so I'll have to make them a pair of socks."

Honest, now, did you ever see any body take the advice you offered?—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The American man's tobacco bill last year was \$1,200,000,000.

It's Foolish to Suffer

You may be brave